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"MEET ME IN HEAVEN!"

(Unpublished poem by the late Benjamin Gough.)

"Meet me in heaven!" the dying mother said,
Grasping her husband's hand; "and our dear child
Train up for God the heavenward path to tread,
A Christian undefiled.

"Stretched on the couch of death, God gives me peace,
Through Jesu's blood accepted and forgiven!
Sorrow melts into joy, and love's increase
Brightens my hope of heaven."

"Meet me in heaven!" so breathes the faltering tongue
Of such as die in Christ, while praise and prayer,
Mingled with benediction and sweet song,
Their happiness declare.

The gloomy valley flames with light divine,
And angel-wings are hovering o'er the bed
Of those that conquer death—while glories shine
A halo round their head.

Who conquers death must conquer self and sin,
Clad in God's armor, counting gain but loss;
The faithful soldier shall the victory win
Who bravely bears the cross!

Strong in the strength of Christ, a palsied arm
Shall smite like Samson's, and the foe subdue;
Death had no sting for Stephen, with the charm
Of heaven full in his view.

Who would not die to live the deathless life?
Even though he passed the martyr's fiery gate—
Face the last struggle and the mortal strife
With heart and soul elate?

Who would not wave the palm, and wear the crown,
And sing the song of Moses and the Lamb?
Courage! nor fear they death, or Satan's frown,
Who trust in Jesu's name!

Death is the gate of life—to die is gain;
Not swifter flash the lightnings o'er the wire
Than the freed spirit, spurning toil and pain,
Joins the celestial choir.

From earth to heaven—from conflict to sweet rest—
Absent from us, but present with the Lord,
Among the angels—mingling with the blest—
They reach their high reward.

"Meet me in heaven!" ten thousand voices cry,
Just as the spirit wings its upward flight;
"We will! we will!" in tremulous reply,
Ten thousand tongues unite.

Begin thy heavenward pilgrimage to-day,
Up! follow Christ, while time and grace are given;
With thy face Zionward—away, away,
To meet thy *friends* in heaven.

—*Family Friend.*

BEHIND the snowy loaf is the mill-wheel; behind the mill, the wheat-field; on the wheat-field falls the sunlight; above the sun is God.—*J. S. Russell.*

WORK FOR GIRLS.

BY GRACE H. DODGE.

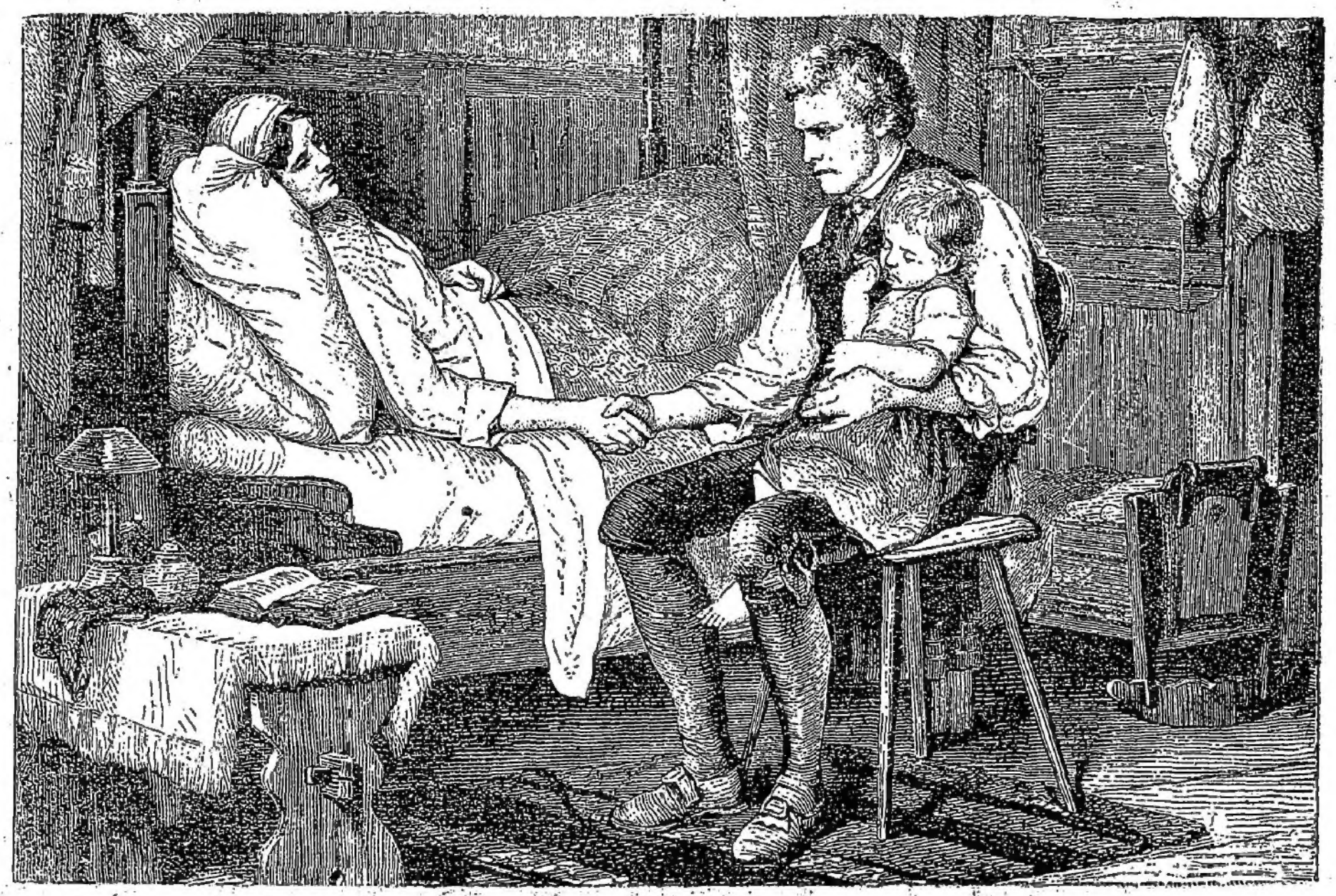
How often do the fortunate girls who live in happy, sheltered homes think of those other girls whose lives are so different—the girls who have to work from an early age to support themselves; who are shut up day after day, year after year, in factory or shop; who live crowded in small boarding-house rooms, or who at night have to help in the housework of a poor home; who are surrounded with every form of temptation, and have no one to shelter and guard them from evil? These girls need and long for love and sympathy! And it is only by recognizing and acknowledging their best traits that their love and friendship can be secured. The girls are busy all day, therefore the evening is the best time to influence and reach them.

Evenings should thus be given for the purpose of helping the working girls. But what can a young girl do in the evenings for these other girls? There are Young Women's Christian Associations, and Girls' Friendly Societies, and through these you can exert upon many your cheerful influence. There may be a quiet school-room, or part of a chapel, which you can use in the evening. Here gather around you a few girls, whom you have invited through the lady missionary, or in the Sunday-school. Try to make the hour and a half pleasant for them by playing games, reading aloud, singing, etc. Get older friends to help you interest and influence the girls. Little by little you will gain their friendship, and the small beginning will grow into great things.

Perhaps this plan does not seem practical; if not, is there not in your own home a basement or back room where you can invite, on certain evenings, some of the hard driven girls or boys? A half-dozen may gather at first, but you can do great things for these few; and as you gain confidence, and learn how to manage, the gathering will grow.

From these few suggestions, it is certainly seen that young girls can find many opportunities of devoting themselves to others, not only in their own families, but also for those suffering, unlearned, and neglected ones who need help, cheer, and sympathy. Will not every girl and young woman try to do something, as God means that she should do—trying to learn that the only way to follow Christ is to serve Christ?

ONE DOING lights the way to the next. All the little paths and aisles toward the light of the Great Love open into each other.—*A. D. T. Whitney.*



"MEET ME IN HEAVEN!" THE DYING MOTHER SAID.

AUBERT GALLION QUE.
M Poz... 1582 81

THE LIQUOR PROBLEM.

In a communication to the *Congregationalist* the Rev. S. L. Blake, D.D., brings together important statistics in respect to the economic aspect of the liquor traffic. The following paragraphs, eminently worthy of serious consideration by all sober, patriotic, humane and godly citizens, are taken from his essay:

As to the social aspect of the case. It holds the balance of political power in most of the towns and cities of 4,000 and upward, in which at least one-third of our population dwell. As we shall see, this power commands a vast wealth which it uses to carry elections. The Brewers and Maltors' Association of New York claim to control 35,000 votes; a margin quite large enough to decide an election in the State. In 1877 it was admitted at Milwaukee that $10,000 were spent to defeat the temperance party. In 1878 and 1879 the liquor lobby at Albany admitted the expenditure of $100,000 for the same purpose. In 1884 thirteen of the twenty-four aldermen of New York were liquor dealers. In Chicago, Milwaukee, Syracuse and Boston the case was similar. The Boston committee of police were composed of three, two of whom were liquor dealers. In Boston there is one saloon to 66 voters; in Cleveland, one to 40; in Chicago, one to 36; in New York, one to 34; in Philadelphia, one to 29; in Cincinnati, one to 25; in the Rocky Mountain States and Territories, one to 43; in the States and Territories between the Rocky Mountains and the Mississippi, one to 112. It does not require a profound knowledge of arithmetic to see that here is a vast and mischievous political power, which often controls our elections, and to which we are sometimes unwilling slaves.

But the social phase of this evil which is most alarming is its crime against society. Dr. Hitchcock, President of the Michigan State Board of Health, "estimates the annual loss of productive life, by reason of the premature deaths produced by alcohol, at 1,127,000 years, and that there are constantly sick or disabled from its use 98,000 persons in the United States." It sends 400,000 a year to the poor-house, of whom one-half are orphans; 100,000 a year to prison, 300 of whom are murderers; 60,000 a year to drunkards' graves. Of the inmates of our prisons, 75 percent are young people under thirty. Of these, 84 percent are criminals because of this traffic. It reaches out its ugly hand and touches the home and prostrates it in the dust; ruins the boys and girls before they come to manhood and womanhood; and drives from the fireside that love which God, in the beginning, placed upon its throne. A father said, One of my boys is old enough to be influenced by the saloons, and is already drinking. I shall vote to wipe them out before my other boys are old enough to be ruined by them. Two school girls in Louisville, Ky., were bosom companions. One married a liquor dealer, another married one of his customers. The one rode in her carriage and lived in elegance; the other walked the streets in poverty, and sustained a wretched life by menial toil. What other traffic, causing half the destruction which this causes, would be tolerated for an hour?

A BIBLE DRILL.

BY HOPE LEDYARD.

It seems to me that, as we begin a new course of Bible study, every school should be well drilled in the use of the Bible, and made familiar with the names of its books. Let the superintendent ask such questions as the following: What is the name of this book? (Showing a Bible). What does "the holy Bible" mean? Why is this the holy book? Did God write it? How? (Answer: "Holy men of old," etc. 2 Peter 1: 21.) Was it all written at one time? Tell me how many parts it is divided into? How many books are in the Old Testament? In the New?

Then let two or four books be named, the next Sunday two or four more, till all are learned.

Another excellent plan is to have each scholar stand with Bible in hand. Then say: "Open to the middle of the Bible." What book? Turn to Deuteronomy, the scholars holding up their Bibles the instant they find the book named. By such a drill they soon learn to turn to the Old Testament for Haggai, or to the New Testament for Philemon, etc.

Another excellent exercise is to ask: "Which books did John write? Moses? Mark? Luke? We seniors are apt to forget how much youngsters enjoy such a drill, and I venture to hint that it might not come amiss for some teachers.

Why not begin now to learn just what each book in the Bible tells of. Genesis—the Book of the Beginnings? Why? Because it tells of the beginning of the world, of the beginning of man, and of the beginning of the Jewish nation. Why is the second book called Exodus? Because the name means "going out," and Exodus tells of the going out of the children of Israel from the land of Egypt. I need only indicate such an exercise.

And now will you permit me to point to a great opportunity which may be yours in the future? It is this: To give every scholar—the smallest tot as well as the Bible scholars—a copy of the Gospel according to St. Matthew. A copy of St. John's Gospel was given to every child in a certain primary class, and those copies have been wonderfully blessed in the homes of the children. The print is so clear, and then the book is the child's own. But many of us could not afford to give every scholar a seven-cent copy unless we begin now to save for it. So let us begin now to save for next July. Drop into a box or jug the odd nickles and dimes, with a prayer each time for the child who shall use that Gospel. If you do this, you will never regret it, and many souls shall be blessed.—*S. S. Times.*

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From International Question Book.)

LESSON X.—MARCH 6.

ABRAHAM OFFERING ISAAC.—GEN. 22: 1-14.

COMMIT VERSES 10-13.

GOLDEN TEXT.

God will provide himself a lamb for a burnt offering.—Gen. 22: 8.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

The duty of entire consecration of all to God.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Gen. 21: 1-21.
T. Gen. 21: 22-34.
W. Gen. 22: 1-19.
Th. 1 Pet. 1: 3-21.
F. Heb. 11: 17-26.
Sa. James 2: 14-26.
Su. Rom. 4: 13-25.

TIME.—About B.C. 1871, 26 years after the last lesson.

PLACE.—Abraham had left Hebron, was now living at Beersheba. The sacrifice was on Mount Moriah, afterward the site of the temple at Jerusalem.

ABRAHAM.—Now 125 years old, with two sons, Ishmael, 20 years old, and Isaac perhaps 25. He was living at Beersheba, 25 miles south-east of Hebron.

ISAAC.—Born at Beersheba. Josephus says that he was 25 years old at this time.

CONNECTING HISTORY.—After Abraham had witnessed the destruction of Sodom, he left that region, and went toward the south-west, to the country of the Philistines. Here he had the same trouble with Abimelech that he had had in Egypt years before. He finally settled in Beersheba. Isaac his son was born to him. Hagar and her son Ishmael were driven away. Abraham remained here a number of years, till his son was almost grown up.

INTRODUCTION.—Now comes the greatest trial of Abraham's life. He was commanded to sacrifice his son, by whom the promise was to be fulfilled that his seed should be as many as the stars. It was a test of his obedience and faith. God did not intend to let him sacrifice his son, but stopped it—not to encourage, but to oppose, human sacrifices. We see God's meaning only when we see the end of the trial.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

1. AFTER THESE THINGS—as described in the previous chapter, and "Connecting History" above. TEMPT—put to trial or test, not tempt in the sense of inducing to do wrong. 2. ONLY SON—the only son of the promise, the only son of Sarah, the only son at home. ISAAC means "laughter"; he was now about 25 years old. MORIAH—the hill where afterwards the temple was built. 4. THIRD DAY—it was 45 miles from Beersheba to Moriah. 12. NOW I KNOW THAT THOU FEAREST GOD—he had shown his perfect faith and obedience. The trial need go no further. 14. JEHOVAH-JIREH—"the Lord will see," or provide. SAID TO THIS DAY—it became a proverb, from this experience of Abraham's on the Mount, that God would provide in case of difficulty. BE SEEN—or provided.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Where did Abraham go after the destruction of Sodom? From what place? Where did he make his home for a long time after this? (21: 33.) What son was born to him here? (21: 3.) How old was Isaac at the time of this lesson?

SUBJECT: ENTIRE CONSECRATION TO GOD.

I. THE GREAT TRIAL (vs. 1, 2).—What is the meaning of "tempt" in this verse? How do you reconcile this verse with James 1: 13, that God tempteth no man? What two reasons are there for trials? (Deut. 8: 2; 1 Pet. 1: 7; James 1: 3.) Do any of us escape them? Are many little trials as really a proving as great ones?

What was Abraham's trial at this time? What things made it especially hard? What showed his great faith? (Heb. 11: 17-19.)

Was it right for Abraham to slay his son? Did God expect him to do it? How was this transaction a protest against human sacrifices?

II. GIVING UP ALL TO GOD (vs. 3-9).—To what place did Abraham take Isaac? How far was it? What afterwards marked this spot? (2 Chron. 3: 1.) Describe the journey. What conversation took place on the way? What was done on Mount Moriah? What shows that Isaac had faith as well as his father?

Was it the duty of Abraham to give up his son? Ought we to give up everything to God? Is it duty sometimes to give them up to be missionaries or soldiers? Ought we to be willing to die for Jesus' sake? What does Paul call this in Rom. 12: 1? Why?

III. THE SACRIFICE ACCEPTED.—(vs. 10-14) How far had Abraham gone toward sacrificing his son? What prevented him? What had Abraham proved? Does all this go to favor or oppose human sacrifices? When and why is the will accepted for the deed?

What substitute was found for Isaac? In what respects is Isaac a type of Christ? Meaning of Jehovah-jireth? How did this event become a proverb? What is its teaching to us?

LESSON XI.—MARCH 13.

JACOB AT BETHEL.—GEN. 28: 10-22.

COMMIT VERSES 15-17.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Surely the Lord is in this place.—Gen. 28: 16

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Every true life is a ladder from earth to heaven.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Gen. 21: 1-67.
T. Gen. 25: 27-34.
W. Gen. 26: 12-35.
Th. Gen. 27: 1-29.
F. Gen. 27: 30-46.
Sa. Gen. 28: 1-22.
Su. Ps. 91: 1-16.

PLACE.—Bethel ("house of God") 12 miles north of Jerusalem.

ABRAHAM lived 50 years after the last lesson. He died B.C. 1821, aged 175. Sarah lived to be 127. Both were buried at Hebron, in the cave of Machpelah.

ISAAC.—117 years old at this time. He had married, when 40 years old, his cousin Rebekah, and they had two children, twins, Jacob and Esau.

JACOB AND ESAU were born B.C. 1838, when Isaac was 60 years old. Esau was a hunter, a brave, sensual, worldly, jovial man. Jacob was a farmer, plain, shrewd, selfish at this time.

SELLING THE BIRTHRIGHT.—When they were about 32 years old Esau, being very hungry, sold his birthright to Jacob for a mess of pottage (Gen. 25: 28-34.) This was not so much a double portion of property, as the inheritance of the promises.

THE BIRTHRIGHT OBTAINED BY FRAUD.—25 years after when Isaac was old, he proposed to confer the birthright on Esau, the elder. Jacob, knew that it was designed for him by God, and that he had purchased it; but now it seemed to be about to be given to Esau. So he and his mother deceived Isaac, and obtained the blessing. They paid dearly for obtaining a good thing in a bad way. Esau was angry, and Jacob was sent secretly to his uncle in Padanaram.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

10. BEERSHEBA—Isaac's home. HARAN—a city in Padanaram, Mesopotamia, from which place Abraham came. It was 450 miles away. 13. AND THE LORD STOOD—he confirms Jacob in the birthright by confirming in him the promises made to Abraham 130 years before. 17. AFRAID—conscious of guilt, he could not but fear at the nearness of a holy God and a holy heaven. 18. POURED OIL UPON IT—an act of consecration to God. 19. BETHEL—see Place. 20. IF GOD WILL BE—rather, SINCE GOD IS; not a condition, but a statement of a fact. 21. THE LORD BE MY GOD—the choice that leads to conversion. TENTH — as an acknowledgment that all comes from God.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—How many years between the last lesson and this? Name some of the events in Isaac's life. Point out on the map the places named in the lesson.

SUBJECT: THE LADDER OF LIFE.

I. THE TWIN BROTHERS.—What were their names? Their parents? How old were they at the time of the lesson? Which was the older? For what did Esau sell his birthright to Jacob? How long before the events of this lesson? To whom did Isaac propose to give the birthright? How did Jacob obtain it? Point out the sin in this.

What was the birthright? Had it been designated to Jacob by God? Did his purchase give him any right to it? Would God have given it to him had he not taken it by deceit? How was Jacob punished? Is it ever safe to do a right thing in a wrong way?

II. THE FLIGHT FROM HOME (vs. 10, 11).—Why did Jacob leave home? (27: 41.) What was his ostensible object? (27: 46.) Where was he going? Who lived there? How far was it? Was it a dangerous journey? In what place did he spend one night? Who had been there before? (13: 3, 4.)

III. THE LADDER TO HEAVEN (vs. 12-15).—What vision was shown him from his pillow of stones? What was represented by this ladder? By the ascending and descending angels? In what respects is this ladder a type of a true life? What is taught by this vision's being shown from a pillow stones? How would it comfort Jacob? How do you know it came in answer to prayer? (ch. 35: 3.) What promises did God make to Jacob? To whom had they been made before? (15: 5, 6; 17: 6-8.)

Illustrate more fully this ladder as a type of every true life, in its beginning, progress, means, steps, end.

IV. THE BEGINNING OF A NEW LIFE (vs. 16-22).—What were Jacob's feelings when he awoke? Why was he afraid? What made that place a house of God? Can every home be a house of God and a gate of heaven? How can we make the house of God a gate of heaven for ourselves and others? What did Jacob name the place? Meaning of Bethel? What vow did Jacob make? Was this a conditional promise? How did he promise to show that he accepted God as his God? Was this an instance of true conversion? Should we make the same vow?

Why did Jacob pour oil on the stone pillar? What advantage in such memorials? Have we a right to make any conditions to our service of God? Ought we to give tithes to God?

LESSON XII.—MARCH 20.

JACOB'S NEW NAME.—GEN. 32: 9-12, 24-30.

COMMIT VERSES 28-30.

GOLDEN TEXT.

And he said, I will not let thee go except thou bless me.—Gen. 32: 26.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

God hears and answers earnest, humble, self-surrendering, persevering prayer.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Gen. 31: 1-9, 17: 24.
T. Gen. 31: 22-55.
W. Gen. 32: 1-12.
Th. Gen. 32: 13-32.
F. Gen. 33: 1-20.
Sa. Gen. 35: 1-15.
Su. Luke 11: 1-13.

PLACE.—Peniel, 15 or 20 miles east of the Jordan, on the north side of one of the fords of the Jabbok, a stream 50 miles long, entering the Jordan from the east, about half way between the Dead Sea and the Sea of Galilee.

JACOB.—Ninety-seven years old, rich in flocks and herds, with eleven sons and two daughters.

INTERVENING HISTORY.—After his vision at Bethel, Jacob goes on to Mesopotamia. At Haran he finds his uncle Laban, marries his cousins Rachel and Leah, works for Laban at least 20 years. He continues his sharp practice, and suffers on account of it.

JACOB'S HOUR OF NEED.—Hard feelings having arisen between Jacob and his cousins on account of Jacob's prosperity, he determines to go back to Palestine. This was his first trouble. Then, as he draws near, he must pass through the regions where Esau roamed. He does not know how much Esau lays up against him, but learns that he is approaching with 400 soldiers. Thirdly, his conscious guilt weighed on his soul. He knew he had wronged his brother, and not kept his vows to God.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

9. O God—this is the first recorded prayer in the Bible. SAIDST, RETURN (ch. 31: 3). 10. TRUTH . . . SHOWED—faithful performance of his promises. TWO BANDS—into which he had divided his flocks and herds. His wealth is shown by the fact that his present to Esau consisted of 580 animals. 22. ROSE UP (read intervening verses.) ELEVEN SONS—Benjamin was not yet born. 24. WRESTLED A MAN WITH HIM—an angel, or the Angel of Jehovah in the form of a man. The wrestling was a type of prayer. 25. THIGH OUT OF JOINT—this was to teach Jacob that all his help came from God, not himself. 28. JACOB—supplanter, expressing his former crafty, shrewd, self-seeking character. ISRAEL—a prince with God,—expressing his changed character, his higher life henceforward. HAST PREVAILED—he received the blessing of safety from Esau, and also higher character and spiritual life. 29. TELL ME THY NAME—now he wants a higher blessing, even knowledge of God. The name stands for the person. 30. PENIEL (same as Pennel)—meaning "The face of God."

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Why did Jacob leave his home at Beersheba? Where did he go? What vision did he have on the way? What was Jacob's experience on arriving at Mesopotamia? (29: 1-20.) How was he prospered here? (30: 43.) How many sons did he have? (32: 22.) How long did he remain? Point out Haran, Peniel and Jabbok, on the map.

SUBJECT: PREVAILING PRAYER.

I. THE HOUR OF NEED.—What trouble did Jacob have with his cousins? (31: 1-7.) What did Jacob and his family then do? (31: 17, 18.) What danger did he have reason to fear? (32: 3-7.) What guilt lay on his conscience? Why did these things lead him to God?

Had Jacob been more faithful to God than to man? Why does a guilty conscience make us afraid? Is it usually true that it takes great needs or troubles at some time to make us go to God? Name some of the crises in our lives, when we have special need of wrestling with God.

II. THE PRAYER (vs. 9-12).—What are the characteristics of this first recorded prayer? Find in it the one to whom to pray; pleading promises; confession; humility; petition. How had God blessed Jacob? How was this a reason for expecting help now?

III. WORKING AS WELL AS PRAYING.—As they drew near Canaan, what plan did Jacob make to appease his brother? (32: 13-20.) What precautions did he take with his own family and property? (32: 7, 8.) Have we a right to expect God to do for us what we can do ourselves? (Jas. 2: 17.) Is there any opposition between praying and working? How are they related?

IV. WRESTLING WITH GOD (vs. 24-26).—Where did Jacob go after he had sent his family over the ford? What took place there? With whom did he wrestle? (Hos. 12: 4) What did this wrestling mean? Why must God be importuned for his blessings? (Matt. 5: 6.) Why did the angel disable Jacob? (2 Cor. 12: 10.) How did Jacob show his perseverance? How did all this fit him to receive the blessing? What promise is given in James 5: 16? What in Luke 11: 9, 13?

V. THE ANSWER TO HIS PRAYER (vs. 27-30).—Where is given the answer to the petition in v. 11? What is the answer to the petition in v. 26? Meaning of Jacob? How does it express his former character? Meaning of Israel? What change in him does this name express? Was this one of the best answers to his prayer? What more did Jacob ask? Was it granted? Do we know God's name? By what names is God revealed in the Bible? Does earnest praying for earthly help lead us to pray for larger blessings? What is meant by "And he blessed him there"?

THE HOUSEHOLD.

CHRISTIAN TRAINING OF CHILDREN.

Be with your children; reign in the nursery. Receive all their little experiences of joy or sorrow. Bring the thought of God's love and interest into their most common, everyday life. Never let them grow shy of religious conversation. Make it easy and natural to talk together, both of God and to Him. Secure to them a comfortable place for daily devotions. Be sure that the Sabbath is the brightest day of all the seven. Have books, toys, Noah's ark, Scripture plays and puzzles reserved especially for it. Give them little rewards for good lessons, and orderly habits practised during the week. Take them early to church, and be watchful lest the service, so sweet to you, become a weariness to them.

Save your Sabbath afternoons for home instruction. The "Peep of Day" series will be of the greatest help. But study the Bible together; search it; there is no other work more delightful. Keep the fingers busy. Let the children build the tabernacle with their blocks till they know its structure and contents by heart. Help them write out Bible chronology and commit it to memory. While you read they can draw maps of Bible lands, trace Christ's tours and Paul's journeys. Teach them the books of the Bible, the Commandments, the Sermon on the Mount, some of the Psalms, the dear old standard hymns, and whole gospels and epistles. It is wonderful how fast little efforts count up and accomplish great things. Do not omit this course when the duty of example may seem to demand your children's attendance upon the church and Sabbath school. Know what they are taught there, and the influences surrounding them, and make sure that the home school is the pleasanter of the two.

And, secondly, in these precious Sabbath homes, awaken their interest in work for others. Tell them of the needs of the wide world. Twenty cents will secure the "Mission Day-spring," full of pictures and incidents of the work in foreign lands. If it comes to one of the little ones in her own name it will be doubly prized. Let them draw maps of mission stations, build mission houses and fill them with the proper workers of the station represented.

Nothing will so strengthen their interest as praying and giving, not in the mass, but for specific objects. Devise ways in which they can earn the pennies they wish to contribute. One cent a week for putting away the playthings before supper, another for freshening hands and teeth after each meal, or for lessons well learned and stints accomplished cheerfully, will make a child quite a capitalist in the course of a year. Some little ones have begun with much less than this would amount to. Having only sixty cents in each purse, they printed with as lead pencil little notes to the secretaries of six benevolent organizations, enclosing ten cents for each cause as a Christmas gift to the dear Lord who gave Himself for them. Every succeeding Christmas season has been celebrated in like manner, though the purses sometimes contain a score of dollars each, and the letters have increased from six to a dozen and more. Let me add that these six little notes, the first efforts in systematic beneficence, were so kindly responded to by the care-burdened, yet child-loving men who received them, that each officer is held as a warm personal friend, and his name is a household word, often following an emphasized adjective of affection.

Let the children work, too, with their unskilled fingers for the sick and needy. If there is no mission band in your church, form one. If too isolated for that, have one at home.

Two little bags, each containing a Testament, book mark, needle-book, thread, buttons, tape, thimble and wax, always with a little note of loving interest, have gone each Christmas for ten years to Dr. S. H. Hall, of the American Seaman's Friend Society, to be given to sailors just leaving the port of New York. Responses have been received from all parts of the world, with such expressions of help received, courage strengthened, faith increased and promised prayers for the givers, as surely must enrich any life. A mission circle, auxiliary to the Woman's Board of Missions, though never having more than four working members, and two of them non-residents, and not active, has contributed in six years, $550 to the Boston treasury. If it were asked, "How could two children secure that sum?" —the answer would be—"They never had a sale or fair or entertainment; they never asked any gift but from God; yet He constantly opened hearts and hands for their help, even strangers over the seas becoming friends and co-workers." The truth will always hold, that a worker for God is a worker with God, and "He is able to do exceeding abundantly above all we can ask or think."—*Pulpit Treasury.*

FUSSINESS.

There is no foe to domestic peace and comfort like that of fussiness. It arises largely from a lack of system or plan and from too great attention to minor details. Some housekeepers have the habit of stirring up every thing at once. They begin their day's work anywhere without any relation to what is most urgent or necessary to be accomplished. They lose sight of the always excellent rule—one thing at a time, and that first which is most important. It is a good plan to sit quietly down at the beginning of each day and take a survey of the domestic field. Decide what must be done, and what in case of lack of time, or the intervention of other duties, may be put off, and then set to work without undue haste to perform necessary duties. Learn to do it quietly, without noise. Be careful to take no useless steps. There is a vast amount of strength expended in this way, and nervous energy wasted.

I know a young housekeeper who accomplishes more in one day than the majority of women do in two. She never seems to be in a hurry, never gets into a "stew" but she works as noiselessly and steadily as the sunlight. What she has to do she accomplishes without any indirection. She has no cross purposes to contend with. She aims right at the mark through every movement of her hand and by every footstep. If she has house cleaning to attend to she doesn't commence by tearing up every room in the house, and putting the entire establishment in a chaos of confusion. But she takes one room at a time, has it cleansed and purified and put to rights again before there is any farther upheaval. The usual spring cleaning comes and goes in that family without producing any discomfort, or any great amount of inconvenience.

I was once a guest in a household where confusion was the law of daily experience. The poor little housekeeper never seemed to know what should be done first, and there was always such an array of things to be accomplished she was never serene, but went about like a small cyclone, stirring up every thing with which she came in contact, leaving things "all in a heap" as she flitted off in the direction of whatever occurred to her as needing attention. Her house was never in order, and she was never at rest. She wanted to do every thing at once, so nothing was ever complete. She charged all along the line, yet never stopped to carry the works at any one point. So she was always routed, and domestic affairs were uniformly in a state of insurrection. As a result she was always "fussing."

System is an essential in the government of the household as in that of the state. Order, promptness, punctuality, industry, and good judgment are the necessary and efficient forces in the home. To these add cheerfulness, patience and a thoughtful care for the general comfort and happiness of its members, and you will avoid all unpleasant friction, and make the home what it should be, the centre of all that is best and dearest to the human heart.—*Household.*

A WARNING TO MOTHERS.

An English physician, in a lecture to a female audience on the use of alcoholic beverages, asserted that the "babes of London are never sober from their birth until they are weaned."

The use of beer and ale among nursing mothers is perhaps not so common in the United States as it is in England, but it is by far too common. How often a friend, and even the family physician, will recommend the use of beer to the mother, not only to give tone to the system, but as a means of nourishing the child.

What a fatal mistake! The eternities with their mysteries alone can reveal the amount of damage resulting from so dangerous a practice. The stimulant thus taken by the mother readily enters into the food nature has provided for the child, and every particle of nourishment drawn from the life-giving fountain is impregnated with a substance that is not only foreign to the highest physical condition of the child, but is actually poisonous to the system.

The old theory that these drinks are necessary to the well-being of the mother and the sustenance of the child, is thoroughly exploded, and those who advocate the notion are far in the rear of the car of progress. It is a well-established fact, demonstrated by the most logical minds of the day, that the physical system is in the most healthful and natural state when freest from the influence of stimulants.

Besides, the custom being entirely unnecessary and uncalled-for, every mother should take into consideration the future welfare of her child. There can be no doubt but that the appetite for stimulants is often bred and nurtured at the mother's breast. Regarding this as true, how can any mother for a moment listen to the advice of a physician or friend in a matter of such weighty import to her child?

Mothers! in taking that draught that seems so harmless to you, remember you are doubtless paving the way to a drunkard's doom for your darling child.

Beware lest the thing that now appears so innocent and harmless, by-and-by warmed into life by your caresses and grown bold through your influence, should strike at your dearest interests and turn to gall the honeyed chalice of life's purest joys.—*Oregon Temperance Star.*

HOW TO MAKE BREAD.

"An able cook" contributes the following lines to the *New England Farmer*: The duties of housekeeping may seem to some too prosy for rhyme, but if those duties be done cheerfully, they are not so dreadful after all.

Four loaves of bread of dainty mould,
Loaves worth their weight in yellow gold,
Each one for mortals fit to eat,—
I give in rhyme my one receipt:
Six pounds of flour of highest grade,
Clean, pure and white, and careful weighed.
Have for the taste, as for a feast,
Made soft and warm, a cake of yeast
Allowed dissolved in sweetest milk,—
Not water, no, not even silk
Ne'er valued is like milk that's pure,
Cold fact this is, of that be sure.
O'er night 'tis mixed in warmest home,
Morning, when comes, 'tis light as foam.
Proceed at once to gently knead,
Respect for which must be your creed.
Each loaf in pans must rise once more,—
Some say for minutes twenty-four.
Soon as they're round, the oven right,
Each one must bake till very light.
Draw out and lay with tender care
Your shelf upon, and do not dare
E'er loaf to break till they are cold.
And then, if they are not worth gold,
Some fault is yours, not the receipt,
The which no mortal cook can beat.

GIRLS IN AUSTRIA.

Austrian girls are carefully taught in school until they are fifteen years old. They are not during this time kept entirely out of society, but are dressed with the greatest simplicity, never wearing a silk gown until they left have school and attend their first ball. On leaving the school-room they have one or two years' training in the kitchen and pantry, either by some member of their own family, or under a trained cook in another's house. Though they may never be required to cook for themselves, they know exactly how everything should be done, and long before they set up housekeeping on their own account are competent to take charge of a household. They make most affectionate wives and mothers. An Austrian lady is said to be as accomplished and learned as an English governess, as good a cook and housekeeper as a German, as bright and witty in society as a Parisian, and as handsome as an American. In Vienna are found some of the most beautiful women in Europe. Austrian girls are brought up in habits of industry and are rarely seen without some kind of work in the hand. They are famous for their great piles of linen, a certain number of yards of which are every year, from a girl's birth, woven and laid aside for her marriage portion. The grandmothers spend much of their time in knitting for their grandchildren, not only supplying their present need, but laying by dozens of stockings of every kind for the young girl's trousseau. Should we not be spared some just complaints of woman's unskilled work, were American girls as carefully trained in some respects as Austrian girls are?—*Laws of Life.*

RECIPES.

GERANIUM CAKE.—Whites of three eggs, small half-cup butter, full half cup milk, one and one-third cups sugar, nearly two cups flour, one teaspoon baking powder. Line the tin with paper, under which place two sweet-scented geranium leaves.

HERMITS.—One and one-half cups sugar, one half cup butter, one cup chopped raisins, two eggs, one teaspoon soda, two tablespoons sour milk, one teaspoon cinnamon, one of cloves, and a little nutmeg; mix stiff with flour, cut with a scalloped cookie cutter, or in "lady fingers." Bake quickly.

SUET JOHNNY CAKE.—Take one cup beef suet chopped fine, one cup maple sugar, one and one-half cups Indian meal, and one-half cup flour; mix with the flour two teaspoons cream tartar; after mixing the above ingredients add a cup of milk in which is dissolved one teaspoon soda; mix thoroughly, pour into a baking pan and bake in a quick oven.

FAMILY PIE CRUST.—One coffee cup lard, sweet and firm, four coffee cups flour; work the lard into the flour until it is as fine as sand; sprinkle over a teaspoon salt, and bind together with ice water. The water should be put in slowly and carefully, and in quantity only enough to bind the flour into a stiff paste. Handle it lightly, and when mixed roll out to a quarter of an inch in thickness.

QUEEN OF PUDDINGS.—One quart of milk, a pint of bread crumbs, soak the bread perfectly in the milk, grate a lemon with it, putting in all but the seeds, beat the yolks of three eggs, and two or more tablespoonfuls of sugar with them, mix with the pudding and bake it. When done beat the whites with sugar and frost the pudding with it, baking slightly.

A MILK PUDDING.—Put one quart of milk on the range where it will cook slowly. Wash half a teacupful of rice and stir into the milk, and occasionally stir this until twenty minutes before using; then put a tablespoonful of sugar and a small piece of butter, and bake twenty minutes. This, sometimes called poor man's pudding, is wholesome and palatable. It is better to be three hours in cooking.

GEM PUDDINGS.—One cup of flour, pinch of salt, one cup of milk and one egg. Add the milk slowly to the flour, stirring until smooth. Beat the yolk separately and add to the flour and milk, or batter, then put in your whites of the egg, beaten to a froth. Now bake at once—twenty minutes will usually bake them. For a sauce I take two great spoonfuls of sugar, piece of butter size of the yolk of an egg, and mix smoothly; add a teaspoonful of flour, have a cup of scalded milk, and pour the mixture into it, stirring all the time until smooth. Flavor with lemon or anything you like.

PUZZLES.

FINAL CHANGES.

1. I am a jump.
2. Change the final letter of the jump, and I guide.
3. Change the final letter of the guide, and I am part of a tree.
4. Change the final letter of this part, and I am a hole.
5. Change the final letter of the aperture, and I am faithful.
6. Change the final letter of the true, and I am thin.
7. Change the final letter of the thin, and I am a fabulous King of Great Britain, celebrated by Shakespeare.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

My 1, 3, 4 is caused by the sun.
My 9, 7, 5, 8, is an important aid to cleanliness.
My 2, 10, 6, 11, is the way an English cockney would pronounce a certain personal pronoun.
My whole is the title of a well-known poem by a deceased American poet.

ENIGMA.

My whole is a word of nine letters.
My 9, 1, 4 is a bird.
My 8, 7, 6, 5 is a baby insect.
My 9, 1, 7, 5 is a plant.
My 5, 1, 4, 2 is to incline.
My 9, 3, 2, 1 is to conceal.
My 2, 3, 7, 1 is dreadful.
My 8, 3, 4 is a spirit.
My 8, 6, 4 is an instrument of war.
My 9, 3, 4, 8, 1 is a way of fastening.
My 5, 6, 4, 8 is a cork.
My 5, 6, 4 is a kind of pastry.
My 5, 3, 4, 2 is to close up.
My whole is a famous town in the British Isles.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN LAST NUMBER.

RIDDLE.—Badger.

SQUARE WORD.—
D o n
E v e
N e d

ENIGMA.—Snowdrop.

ANSWER TO "GEOGRAPHICAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—

N	assa	U
O	tterbur	N
R	odon	I
T	ren	T
H	ayr	E
A	ucklan	D
M	auritiu	S
E	veros	T
R	oec	A
I	ngolstad	T
C	ayenn	E
A	nde	S

NORTH AMERICA—UNITED STATES.

The Family Circle.

"ROCK OF AGES."

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,"
  Thoughtlessly the maiden sang,
Fell the words unconsciously
  From her girlish, gleeful tongue;
Sang as little children sing,
  Sang as sing the birds in June;
Fell the words like light leaves down
  On the current of the tune:
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Let me hide myself in Thee."
  Felt her soul no need to hide;
Sweet the song as song could be,
  And she had no thought beside.
All the words unheedingly
  Fell from lips untouched by care,
Dreaming not that they might be
  On some other lips a prayer:
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me."
  'Twas a woman sang them now,
Pleadingly and prayerfully,
  Every word her heart did know;
Rose the song as storm-tossed bird
  Beats with weary wing the air,
Every note with sorrow stirred,
  Every syllable a prayer:
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,"
  Lips grown aged sang the hymn
Trustingly and tenderly,
  Voice grown weak and eyes grown dim.
"Let me hide myself in Thee,"
  Trembling though the voice and low,
Rose the sweet strain peacefully
  Like a river in its flow;
Sang as only they can sing
  Who life's thorny paths have pressed;
Sang as only they can sing
  Who behold the promised rest:
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,"
  Sung above a coffin-lid;
Underneath all restfully,
  All life's joys and sorrows hid,
Nevermore, O storm-tossed soul,
  Nevermore from wind or tide,
Nevermore from billows' roll,
  Wilt thou need thyself to hide.
Could the sightless, sunken eyes
  Closed beneath the soft, gray hair,
Could the mute and stiffened lips,
  Move again in pleading prayer.
Still, aye, still, the words would be,
"Let me hide myself in thee."

—*Selected.*

A FAMILY STRIKE.

BY JOY ALLISON.

"There! I've stood it just as long as I'm going to! There's no use in being so particular!" and Jasper Jones threw his cap into a chair, his bat on the floor, and stretched himself upon the sofa with a defiant look on his young face.

"What will you do when she comes in and says in that quiet, strong way, 'Jasper, your hat is out of place. Hang it up in the entry, please; and put your bat behind the shed door,'" said Elsie, with a droll imitation of her step-mother's voice and manner.

"I'll just say I'm going to when I've rested a little. We've all jumped at her bidding ever since she came. I've gone back to wipe my feet, and hang up my hat, and clean my over-shoes, and all that, till I'm sick of it."

"I'm sick of it, too," said Elsie. "I left my clothes where they fell last night, when I went to bed. I was so tired. Mother didn't happen to look in, or I suppose she'd have routed me from bed to hang them up. It's awfully tiresome to have to put everything just so, every time."

"Ma never made us do it," said Jasper.

"And the house was always tidy enough to suit me," said Elsie. "Not so nice as mother keeps it, perhaps, but I like to be free and easy, and I hate to be prim."

"The old order was good enough, I say," said Jasper. "Let's strike! Strikes are all the rage nowadays. When folks want the rules changed they strike. We'll talk it up to Bess, and Clarence and Rose; and, if we're all in it, mother'll see that she may as well give up. That's the way it always works, don't you see?"

"I don't want to do anything bad," said Elsie. "You know ma said if God sent us anybody who was willing to be a mother to us, we were to be good and obedient."

"Well, we have been, and we mean to be. Only she needn't be so much more particular than ma was."

Bess and Clarence and little Rose were easily led to embrace the views of their brother and sister. The league was formed, Jasper appointed as leader, and it was agreed that the strike should come off "before father comes home."

"The first thing is to perform a procession and march," said Jasper, "and while we're doing that I'll think up my speech. Our marching will show mother that we mean business."

It was fine fun for the little ones. They got strips of red and white cloth and tied them to short poles, and carried them as banners; and they marched up and down through dining-room, and kitchen, and bedrooms, up stairs and down stairs, out into the yard, and back through the long entry, till the mother wondered, and grew a little restless over the tramp, tramp, that was making more threadbare the carpets which wore out so fast.

"Come, come!" said she, at last; "haven't you kept up that play long enough? Seems to me it is rather small business for you, Jasper and Elsie."

"We're strikin'," said Clarence, waving his flag. "Just like the big folks do."

In and out, up and down, they still kept their march. There was a curious expression on their step-mother's face whenever they passed through the kitchen, where she was ironing their clothes.

Finally they halted before her, and, standing with toes all even with a crack in the kitchen floor, they made a low bow, as Jasper had instructed them, and then he began his speech: "Honored and respected madam, our mother; we have tried to do as you wanted us to, and we don't wish now to be bad, or rebellious, or anything. But we think, one and all, that it's too hard, when a fellow comes in all tired out with baseball, or something, to have to run straight and put his bat in one place and his hat in another. This strike is to—to see if we can't come to some agreement that we shall live a little more free and easy, as Elsie says, and do a little more as we've a mind to do about such things. We don't wish to be very disorderly, but we would rather not have to be quite so particular."

"I suppose," said she, "you expect me to make a speech in reply. But I must have a little time to think what I ought to say. Besides it is almost lunch time, and I must get these things ironed first. Suppose you march up and down on the sidewalk in front of the house till my speech is ready."

"Can't I iron, and you go right to getting lunch?" asked Elsie, pressed by hunger.

"That isn't the way. We ought all to keep marching," said Jasper; "but we're all hungry, so perhaps you'd better."

"Just as you like," said their mother, "And, if Jasper and Clarence will bring some light, dry wood from the shed, we shall have lunch all the sooner."

Flags were consigned to Bess and Rose, and the procession broke up for the present. Nothing more was heard of the strike till lunch was over. Perhaps it would have been forgotten altogether, but Mrs. Jones herself reminded them of it by saying, "I have my answer ready now, if you wish to hear it."

"Oh, yes, we do! Form into line here! There, we're ready!" said the children.

"Well, when I came here, you all threw your things down just where it happened, and often they were lost, or broken, or soiled; and it always made the house disorderly. I suppose your own mother used to pick them up for you, but I thought you were old enough to begin to put them away yourselves. But it seems you do not like my plans. Now I can't have a disorderly house, so we must compromise the matter. That is the usual way in case of a strike, I believe."

"Yes, we should like to compromise," said Jasper. "That's just what we want."

"Very well. There is a large hogshead in the back room. Whenever you leave any of your things about, I shall not ask you to put them in place any more. I will just drop them into that hogshead. We will call it the 'disorder barrel.' And when you want them you can look there for them."

Jasper and Elsie looked somewhat nonplussed, and glanced dolefully at each other, but Clarence and Bess and Rose hailed the compromise as every way satisfactory, and the strike was over.

The first things that went into the disorder barrel were the flags which had been thrown together upon a settee. Mrs. Jones dropped in this first contribution with a quiet, amused smile. For several days Jasper and Elsie were rather careful to put away their things, for the hogshead was deep and wide, and it would be "such a bother" to get them out if they once got in. But presently the barrel began to fill up, and the fuller it grew the more difficult it was to find any small articles that had been consigned to its depths. Mrs. Jones seemed fully satisfied with the arrangement. She no longer reminded them to lay their things in the proper places, and books, slates, hats and bonnets, marbles, and jumping ropes were quietly dropped in together.

More and more frequently the cry arose in the house, Where is my jackknife? Where is my best alley? Where is my tippet? and little Rose's small piping voice was generally heard in reply, "In the sorder barrel, I spect!" and the discomfited loser ran, often in hot haste, to rummage among the medley of articles. The older ones stood on a chair and reached down to search, but when time pressed and search was unavailing they were often brought to the extremity of turning the barrel upon its side, pulling out the contents, and, when the lost article was found, tumbling them back again But Clarence and Bess, who were not strong enough to tip the barrel over, had been known more than once to climb into it, much to the detriment of some of its contents.

Jasper and Elsie complained of this, but the mother's laughing reproof in no wise availed to prevent a repetition of the offence. Consequently many things came out of the disorder barrel so crushed and spoiled that they might almost as well have been thrown into the fire.

"I can't go to the picnic to-morrow, nor to school next day, nor anywhere any more, as I see," said Elsie, one day. "My hat is just ruined. The crown is crushed down, and there's a stain of apple or something on the ribbon. I'll never wear it. I don't think much of your old strike, Jasper! It's made us ten times more trouble than we had before. I should like to set that old disorder barrel afire and burn it up, with all there is in it, and never hear of it again!"

"Well, I own that I'm sick of my job," said Jasper. "Suppose we strike once more and get it abolished."

"Oh, yes; strike again! Where's my flag, I wonder?" said Clarence. "Strikes are such fun!"

"The consequences are not fun to me," said Elsie, "and I'm not going through any more of that silly marching. I'm just going to ask mother to change back to the old way; that's all."

"But we ought all to go together and ask her, because we were all in the strike," said Jasper.

"Well, then let's do it right away," said Elsie.

So the procession was again formed, and without much preparation and with no needless parade they sought their mother and made known their request. She cheerfully promised that the odious barrel should be abolished. And that evening she kindly pressed and retrimmed Elsie's school hat, so that the soiled ribbon and crushed place were no longer visible, and henceforth things returned to their old order, the gain from the strike being manifest only in the added zeal and cheerfulness with which even the slightest hints were obeyed.—*Sabbath Recorder.*

WHAT CAN SHE DO?

BY GRACE H. DODGE.

A young girl who has just left school often finds herself with few or no regular duties. She has time at her disposal. How is it to be spent? Selfishly? Lessons which lead to self-culture, with fancy-work, chit-chat, and gay social life, are well enough for a part of her time; but ought not the remainder to be given to others?

The mother needs the daughter's assistance. The brothers want a sister always ready to sympathize, and to enter into their pursuits. The father is fond of his daughter's presence, and justly claims certain of her hours. Much joy, gladness and relief a young girl fresh from school can bring into the home circle, and surely she ought there to do what she can.

But more than this. The education, the musical talent, the gift of languages, the trained pen and cultured tongue, the well-stored mind, should be used for others outside the home as well as within it.

"But what can I do? How shall I begin?" are questions often asked. Be filled with a strong desire to do something, and the way will be opened. "Do that which lies nearest you." In the Sunday-school and in the sewing-schools are classes waiting for a teacher. Not very far from your home stands a hospital. Here are many sick and suffering women and children, to whom the hours seem like days. The day seems endless; and yet, when night comes there is a longing for the day. How tedious to do nothing but lie still! How doubly tedious when friendless and alone! Into the wards and among these tired ones a young girl, with bright and smiling face, can bring the grateful sunshine with her. Perhaps she is not fully equal to advice and practical sympathy; but she can give bunches of flowers to one and another, or some colored picture-cards, or books, collected from more fortunate people. She can, after speaking a cheery word to the different patients, sit down among them, being careful that each can see her comfortably. Then, for a half-hour or more, she can read some happy story or bit of information. Neither the women nor the children will enjoy a long-continued reading, but will be enlivened by clever anecdotes, narrative and other poetry, adventures of travellers, and the like. A few moments should be taken for reading a passage from our Saviour's life, and one of his comforting messages should be given, to be thought over until another visit. There may be a girl in the ward who is able to use hand and head. To her can be brought some pretty piece of fancy-work and she can be taught to do it. Several of the children may have hip trouble. Their brains are active, and their heads strong enough to study. A few moments can be spent in giving and hearing a lesson. Possibly the visitor has a sweet voice for simple English hymns and songs; she must not be afraid to sing these in the hospital as well as at home. The nurse should always be consulted before going into the room, and her suggestions carefully followed, without feeling offended if she advises the young visitor not to enter on that day.

Many girls feel that they could not visit a hospital, or that they would not be allowed to do so by home friends. But they could use their brains and hands by writing little hospital letters. Those for children should be filled with story, illustration, and loving words. The grown persons need the same simple letters, but to them should be added helpful texts and practical precepts. In all letters, love and sympathy must be shown, and through this love and sympathy the sufferer must be turned to the great Physician. No name need be signed except that of "Friend," and the matron or nurse will gladly direct them. Those outside can have no idea how such letters are welcomed and treasured. They are read and re-read until they fall in pieces.

Some will say there is no hospital near, or none needing them. If so, ask your clergyman or physician if there are no sick children or young girls lying in some tenement or cottage home. They need you even more than those in the hospital.

If you go to some concert, some place of amusement, next day go and tell your sick friend all about it. Your own pleasure will be doubled for being shared by others who need it even more than you do. Books of photographs or engravings will be interesting for hours. One poor deformed girl lying in a tenement-house was taught by a lady how to crochet a purse; silk was given her, and then hours fly by, her thoughts and hands busy over the purse to be sold to buy a surprise for her mother.—*S. S. Times*

THE LONDON *Telegraph* tells the story of a farmer's wife in Germany, who in making some cherry brandy found the fruit unsound, and threw the whole into the yard. Her ten geese ate them all and became dead-drunk. She had forgotten about the cherries, and when she found her geese all in the gutter, she concluded they had been poisoned, and so they would not be good for food, but she picked all their feathers off for the market. What was her surprise and sorrow to find the geese the next morning as well as ever, but cold and shivering. Perhaps she and the geese both learned a lesson, that cherry or any other brandy is very apt to take the feathers off the backs of geese and the clothes off the backs of people.

A VISIT TO THE MONKEYS.

One lovely morning in spring, Tom and Katy and their papa went to visit the monkeys in their large house in the Royal Zoological Gardens, London. As they walked through the avenues of Regent's Park the buds were whitening on the chestnut trees, the sun shone brightly, and the birds sang gaily. As soon as they passed through the wicket of the Gardens they went at once to the Monkey House. As they entered they were welcomed with a shrill chorus of "Chick! chick! chick!" from the inhabitants of the cages, great and small. One very noisy monkey was told by the keeper to hold its tongue. It went off in the sulks, swung itself into its bedroom—a box at the top of its cage—and disappeared. Wandering round from cage to cage, Tom and Katy carefully noted down what their papa told them about the various monkeys they called on. Their first visit was to the White-nosed monkeys of Western Africa that looked as if their noses had been injured and covered with white sticking-plaster. Their red eyes blinked and winked in the sunshine, and their long hairy arms and hands were thrust out between the bars as if, like beggars, they were asking alms, and when Tom and Katy passed on without giving them the nuts they expected, they fretted aloud like spoiled children. The next call was on the Diana Monkey, which probably had spent its early youth on the banks of the mighty river of Africa, the Congo. A very funny fellow it was, with its white whiskers and its long, sharply-pointed white beard, and a crescent-like line of white hair that encircled its brow. This monkey takes such a pride in its beard, and is so careful to keep it spotlessly clean that, when drinking, it holds it back with one hand to prevent its being soiled. Bidding this venerable-looking individual "good-bye" they paid a visit to the Green and Red Monkeys, both of them African by birth. The Red Monkeys, when at home, are very mischievous and troublesome, even to armed men. They climb into the tree-tops, and throw down from thence broken boughs, nuts, fruits, or any other missile they can get hold of. They will follow boats along the course of a river, keeping pace with the rowers by leaping from tree to tree, and maintaining such a steady shower of missiles that the occupants of the boats have been obliged to fire at them. The next call was on the Long-tailed Monkey, whose family has not been renowned for honesty. One of his relations who emigrated from Africa to Europe was an adept at unlocking boxes and examining their contents; could unravel a knot, and was specially clever at picking pockets.

All of a sudden Tom and Katy are alarmed by a great noise in one of the large cages, in which are a number of monkeys from India, Africa, and Central America. Half-a-dozen of them are pulling each other about, and chick-chicking and screaming at a terrible rate. Pity on the quiet monkeys that sit upon the perches and stare in sorrow on the noisy ones beneath; for, without warning, the ill-disposed monkeys seize them by their tails, and down they come, head over heels, on the straw-covered floor. In this cage is what appears, at a distance, to be a huge mushroom, but, on a nearer view, is seen to be a square pedestal of looking-glasses, supporting a dome-shaped block of wood. By the aid of these mirrors some Indian and African dandies are trimming their beards and whiskers; but alas! no sooner have they finished doing so, than they are attacked by the rioters, who shake out the curls upon which so much care has been spent. Then the voice of the keeper is heard shouting, "Silence!" as he enters the house, and the whole of them spring to the perches, and sit as demurely as children at school when they hear the footsteps of their teacher on the threshold of the door.—*Children's Friend.*

THE ODD THREE-HALFPENCE.

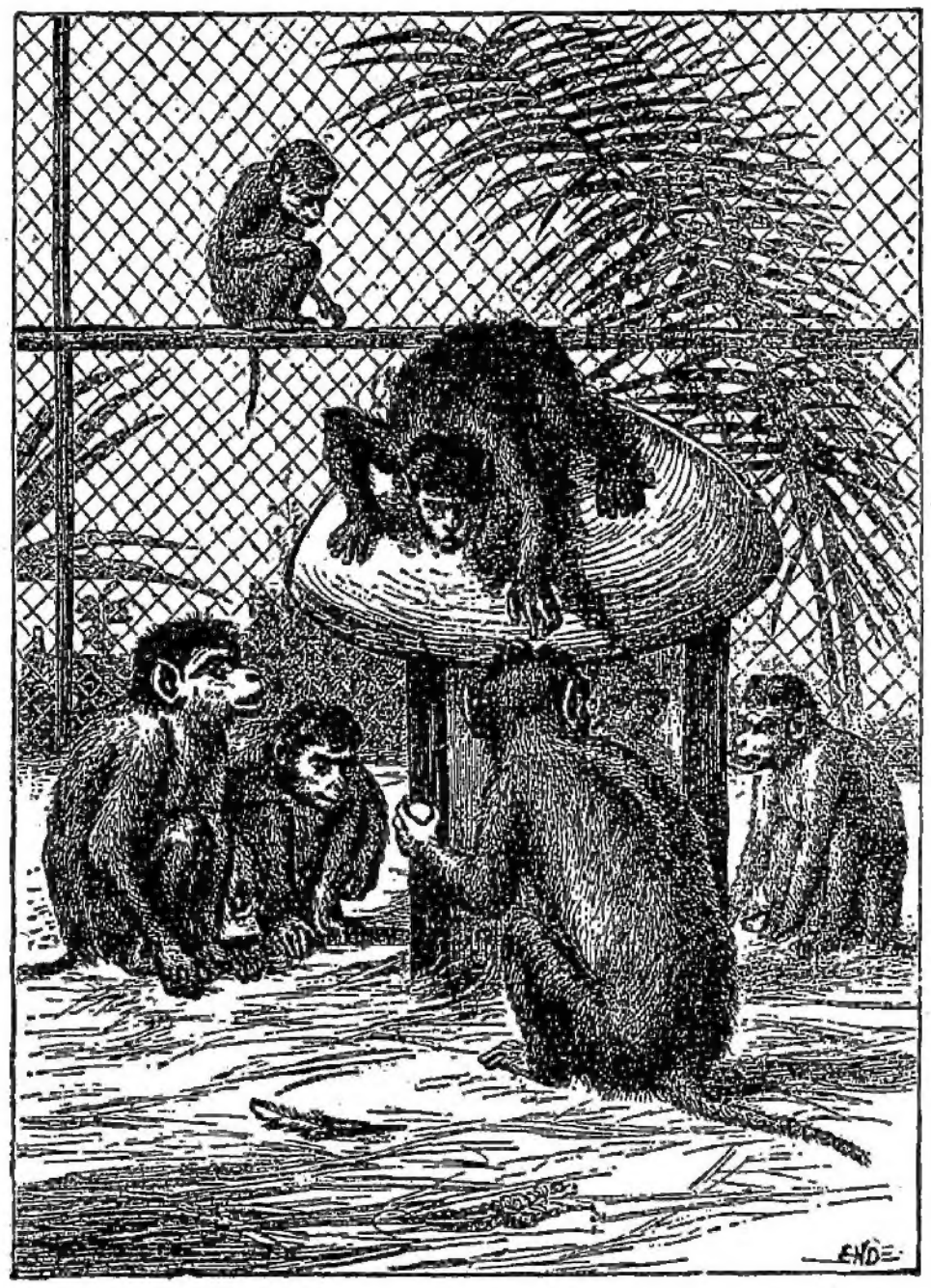
On the first Monday evening in every month a minister used to have a little missionary meeting in his school-house, to pray for the missionaries in foreign lands. One evening he was telling the people who were assembled what cause there was for sending missionaries to these distant lands.

While the minister was speaking, he observed all the time a poor workingman, black with laboring in the neighboring ironworks, who had come in rather late, and stood with his back to the wall at the end of the room, exactly opposite to him.

It was not the man, however, who attracted his notice so much as a little girl he held in his arms. She was a very little one, and looked very delicate; her face was pale and thin, and her eyes too bright and large, as if she were in a decline. But what surprised Mr. B. was to see the deep, earnest attention with which this sickly-looking child listened to every word he said.

He had brought some little tin boxes, prettily covered, and with pictures of some Indian places on the side; and he offered to give one of these boxes to any one who would undertake to save a little, ever so little, from their own expenses, and drop it in these to help the heathen. He told them that a penny saved from self might be a penny given to God; and that a penny saved by self-denial was worth more than a pound which cost the giver nothing.

Now, while he stood holding one of the boxes in his hand, and speaking thus, he could scarcely help smiling to see the sickly child, with one arm round the blackened



AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

neck of her father, the other pointed to the box, while her little coaxing face and eager manner showed she was trying to get her father to go forward and ask for one for her. Mr. B. could easily believe that the pretty box pleased the child, and when he saw that she had partly prevailed on her father, and that he had moved on a good deal nearer, but was still ashamed to come quite up and ask for the box, he held it out, and said:

"Will you take a box, my friend? Perhaps your little girl may some day earn something to put into it."

The child smiled, as her father answered:

"Why, yes, sir, if you please. My little girl here wants to have one; but do I not know if the lass will be able to gather much for you."

Mr. B. smiled, and said: "Let her try; where there's a will there's a way; and if she saves or earns one penny for God's work, it will do herself good."

The child eagerly received the box, and a flush of pleasure passed over her pale face.

A year passed away. There was another missionary-meeting, and the boxes were to be sent in that had been given out.

The year before that had brought a sad change to the poor blackened man and his little girl; his wife had died. The child had lost her mother, and she was delicate, and wanted her; but she was her father's only one, and he loved her tenderly. His wife's long illness and death left him many debts; and then he was content to labor on for his little girl and himself.

And now another change had come too. That time last year, the man had stood leaning against the wall, holding his child in his arms, and she loved him dearly. He stood there now again, leaning against the wall; but the child was not in his arms, and tears filled his eyes.

When every one else had given up their boxes, counted the contents, and gone away, the man stood near to Mr. B. His words were few; Mr. B. had buried his child, and knew that the lamb had been taken to the fold above; but the father's face was pale with feelings which his manner did not show.

"That was her box, sir," he said: "the box she got this night twelve months. She made me give her a half-penny every Saturday night out of my wages, when she had been good and pleased me; she never lost her half-penny, sir;" and then one great tear burst out, and rolled down his cheek. "Count it," he said, hastily, pushing the box over the table; "there were fifty-two weeks; fifty-two halfpence is twenty-six pence; two and twopence, sir. You will find it all right, I think."

"I am sure of that," said Mr. B.; and they counted the money, which seemed to be all halfpence. At last up turned a large penny piece; and when all was counted, there was two shillings and threepence half-penny, instead of two shillings and twopence. Mr. B. did not mind the difference at all; but the father looked quite puzzled. He counted it over again; but there it was, just three-halfpence too much; and that big penny, too, which he had never given his child.

"I cannot make it out, sir," he said, rubbing his forehead; "my blessed child would never do anything wrong; but there it is. How that odd three halfpence came there, I do not know."

"Perhaps you may think of it again," said Mr. B., seeing he looked distressed about it, but not knowing why. "I will look in upon you sometimes in the evenings, and I trust God will comfort you, and be a Father to you."

The man bowed his head, and went away; but long and painfully did he think how the odd three-halfpence got into the missionary-box.

The poor have often a strong sense of honesty; indeed, honesty and industry are the first lessons taught by the respectable and decent parents of England to their children. Now, this was the secret of that poor man's distress. His little girl used often to go on messages to the shops, both for him and for the neighbors, who kindly assisted in the care of his house, after his wife died. The father knew how anxious she had been to put money into the box, how eagerly she ran to it with her half-penny every Saturday night. He could not bear to think that the dear child, could have been so foolish and ignorant as to suppose she would do God service by giving money she had not properly earned to any good object; or that she could be tempted to drop the penny into the missionary-box which she had not paid at the shop. The thought, however, distressed him much. He feared he was wronging his departed child even by imagining it; yet how could the three half-pence have got there? His child never got any money but what he gave her for it.

Thus was he still meditating as he sat at his lonely fireside one morning, just after his breakfast was ended. A lady, knowing that it was the only hour to find him in, called at the door about some message. In the fulness of his heart, the bereaved father mentioned to this kind lady the anxiety he felt about the odd three-halfpence in the missionary-box. "My sweet child would never do what was wrong about money," said he: "but how came they there?"

The lady thought for a minute, and then cried out, quite joyfully, "I can tell you!" She then told him that the day before Elly's death she had called in to see her, after having been shopping in the town.

The child's mouth looked hot and dry, and she asked her if she would not like an orange. "Very much," was the reply. She searched for some money, but had only three-halfpence left, which were folded in a shop-bill. She gave them to the dying child, and desired her to send the old woman who nursed her for the orange.

"I remember it perfectly," she said, "because I was so sorry I had no more to give; there were a penny piece and a halfpenny in the paper. I was sending my maid, the next morning, with some nice things to the child, when the old woman came up to say she had been taken home. I asked her if she had got her the orange, and she said she had never heard the child speak of it.

"I reproached myself at the time, as we all do when kindness is too late; I thought it was weakness that prevented her from asking for what she wished to have, and regretted that I had not gone and got it myself."

"God be praised, and may He forgive me," said the poor father. "The child denied her dying lips the orange, and so the odd three-halfpence got into the missionary box."—*English Paper.*

CHILDREN AND MISSIONS.

In many churches a Mission Band may be formed among the children. The following has been found a useful constitution but it may be varied to suit the circumstances:

CONSTITUTION FOR MISSION BANDS.

I. This society shall be called the —— Mission Band of —— church.

II. Its object shall be to develop an interest in the cause of missions, to gain information on missionary subjects, and to raise money for prosecuting missionary work.

III. Its officers shall be a President, Secretary, Treasurer, and Lady Director, whose duties shall be those usually assigned to such officers.

IV. Any child may become a member of this band by the payment of twenty-five cents annually, if under twelve years of age, and fifty cents if over twelve.

V. Its meetings shall be held at such time and place as shall be designated by the band, and its exercises such as shall be indicated by the Lady Director.

FOR HIS SAKE.

BY S. J. HUMPHREY.

You ask me, "How did you come into these new notions of giving?"

Well, it was this way:

A year ago this winter our house took fire. It was in the middle of the night, and we were all asleep. The flames were first discovered by a poor neighbor, who at once gave the alarm, and then burst in the door. The house was full of smoke, and the fire had already attacked the staircase which led to the rooms in which we were still sleeping. It seems almost a miracle that we were got out alive. We were dazed and suffocated, and it was only the heroic courage and great strength of our neighbor that brought us down the blazing stairway into the open air. But it nearly cost him his life. Indeed we thought the poor man, gasping there for breath, would die on the spot. Intent on protecting us, he had exposed himself so that he was terribly burned about the arms and chest. He had, too, drawn into his lungs the smoke and the almost furnace-like air. As he stumbled out of the door with the last child in his arms, he fell down, utterly spent. I shall never forget the anguish of that hour. He had saved us, but himself seemed dying—dying for our sakes.

All thought of our own misfortune at once left us. The best physicians were summoned, and we bore him tenderly to his own house. When the immediate danger had been averted, it became plain that it would take the careful nursing of many months to bring him back to his ordinary health, if indeed, he had not become disabled for life.

And now it was our turn. He was a laborer, and his family were wholly dependent on his daily earnings. It did not take us long to decide upon our course. In fact there was no debate or counselling about it. The immediate and common thought of each of us, down to the youngest child, was that we should at once take the whole care of this family upon ourselves. They were now allied to us by a tie stronger than any bond of kindred, and we did not for a moment hesitate what to do.

I had a business that gave us a comfortable support, though we had followed the custom of our acquaintances generally of living in a liberal way, quite up to the extent of our means. But we did not stay to ask whether we could afford it or not. We just settled it at once that this should be done first, and then we would somehow contrive to live on what remained.

We arranged that the women of our family should relieve the heart-broken wife of the poor man from all household cares, that she might devote herself wholly to him. They were very tenderly attached, and no one could care for him as she could.

"It was just like Jo," she said, as she patiently sat by his bedside. "He never thinks of himself." But a happy smile flitted across her wan face, as she added: "I wouldn't have him different."

My eldest daughter soon secured a class in music, and the next one found a place in a Kindergarten. It was a great delight to me, and a stimulus to my own efforts to see how intent the younger children were, each one of them, to earn or save something for the great purpose which had now come into our hearts. It sometimes brought the tears to see especially how Charlie, the last one saved, took wholly upon himself to look after one of the children of our brave friend, a boy about a year younger than himself. He could enjoy nothing, neither garment, school book nor plaything, until he had seen to it that his little mate was fitted out as he himself was. And often this was done at a real sacrifice to the little fellow.

Indeed this was the way with us all. It did not occur to us to ask whether we could do what we had undertaken without feeling it. We wanted to feel it. We could not take upon ourselves any of the bodily anguish of this poor suffering man, suffering for our sakes. But it was a genuine satisfaction to be doing something for him, at some cost to ourselves, some real self-denial, that should be as constant as was the pain he was enduring. We somehow felt that it was the only way we could emphasize to our own hearts our great obligation, and show to him our gratitude; the only way in which we could in some small measure,—it seemed very small to us sometimes,—suffer with him in his great suffering for us.

I do not say that there was no conflict in doing this. After the excitement of the first few days was passed, it was often necessary to reinforce our variable impulses by calling up to our minds a sense of duty. The close quarters into which we had moved were inconvenient. Our former tastes and luxurious indulgences now and then stoutly asserted themselves. They had grown into headstrong habits, and it sometimes cost a real conflict to put them down.

There was one untidy and expensive habit, which, it seems to me, I never could have broken off, had it not been for this new power that had come into my life. Upon a little calculation I found that it cost me more than a hundred dollars a year. This might be saved. It was a defiling and unwholesome thing, and I could not but feel a loss of self-respect every time I gave way to its use. But I had no idea it had gained such a mastery over me. And when the intense craving for my daily indulgence came on, the battle would certainly have gone against me had I not been wont to say over to myself, "It is for his sake—for his sake!" That one word gave me the victory, and it was a real deliverance.

There was another stout fight I had to make.

One day a business friend of mine drove up with his well-matched pair, and took me to see the new house he was building. I was glad to look it over, for I had planned that, some day, I would build such a house for myself. The rooms were spacious and many. The outlook from the bay windows was delightful. No modern convenience or appliance for comfort had been omitted. It was not strange that for a time my former desire for such a mansion-like residence came upon me with almost overpowering strength. It was a moment of weakness. The spirit of self-indulgence came back to its old home, and before I was aware, the chafing and impatience of my heart at the new expenses laid on me grew into a tumult.

But it was only for a moment. As I walked away and began to come to myself, and to see what I was really thinking about, what do you suppose I did?

I just stood still and hated myself for about half an hour!

Oh, what indignation. What clearing of myself! Yea, what revenge! To make sure that I had utterly rid myself of the meanness of this contemptible thought, I immediately went with my wife and bargained for a neat cottage in the next block, arranging easy terms which I could meet in the years to come, and then directed that the deed should be given to my brave, suffering deliverer, the first day he should be able to walk out. I felt as if I had grievously wronged him, and that nothing short of this would satisfy the demands of the case.

As our friend began to be able to talk, we found that there was something weighing upon his mind. It soon came out that he was the superintendent of a little mission school which he had gathered in a neglected part of the town. Somehow it had come to him that in his absence it had sadly run down. You may be sure the whole teaching force of our family was turned into that school the very next Sunday. I am ashamed to say that it was new business to us; but for his sake we were there, and we threw our whole souls into it. And it was a great satisfaction to see how like medicine it was to the poor man, to hear our weekly report of the growing interest and numbers. And when, in the winter, there came a blessed revival, his joy knew no bounds. It was noticeable that from that time on he showed a marked improvement.

There was a natural, but unlooked-for, result from the self-denials and solicitudes of this year. We were drawn, not only to this man who was making a brave fight for life in at the next door, for we were continually running in and out,—but we were also drawn to each other as we had never been before. A new tenderness and patience came into our lives. Somehow the common service and sacrifice upon which all our hearts were set, softened us and brought us together in a sympathy and oneness of feeling which was altogether new, and thus it proved to be the happiest period of our domestic life.

It is a year now, since that terrible night. Our neighbor, to our great joy, has so far recovered that he has moved to the new house, and will soon be back again to his accustomed work.

Yesterday, as I looked over the footings of my inventory, I found, to my surprise, that, after all, it had been one of my most successful years. Indeed, I had scarcely ever had so large a balance in hand. This was altogether unexpected. There had been no marked successes or special interpositions. But I could see, on looking back, that my own business habits had been toned down by the necessities which faced us; that needless expenses had been cut off; that my standing with business men had steadily improved, and that I had somehow been kept from mistakes and bad ventures and misplaced credits. Indeed, we have a settled and sweet consciousness that the hand of a good Providence has been constantly with us.

Last evening, as it was the anniversary of the fire, we gave up the accustomed hour of family worship, to a review of these experiences. It was a delightful and precious season. We felt with humble gratitude, that we had come up to a higher plane of life, and no one of us had any desire to go back to the old way of self-indulgence. There had been growing quietly in our hearts for some months the thought:

If for this man's sake, why not even more for Christ's sake?

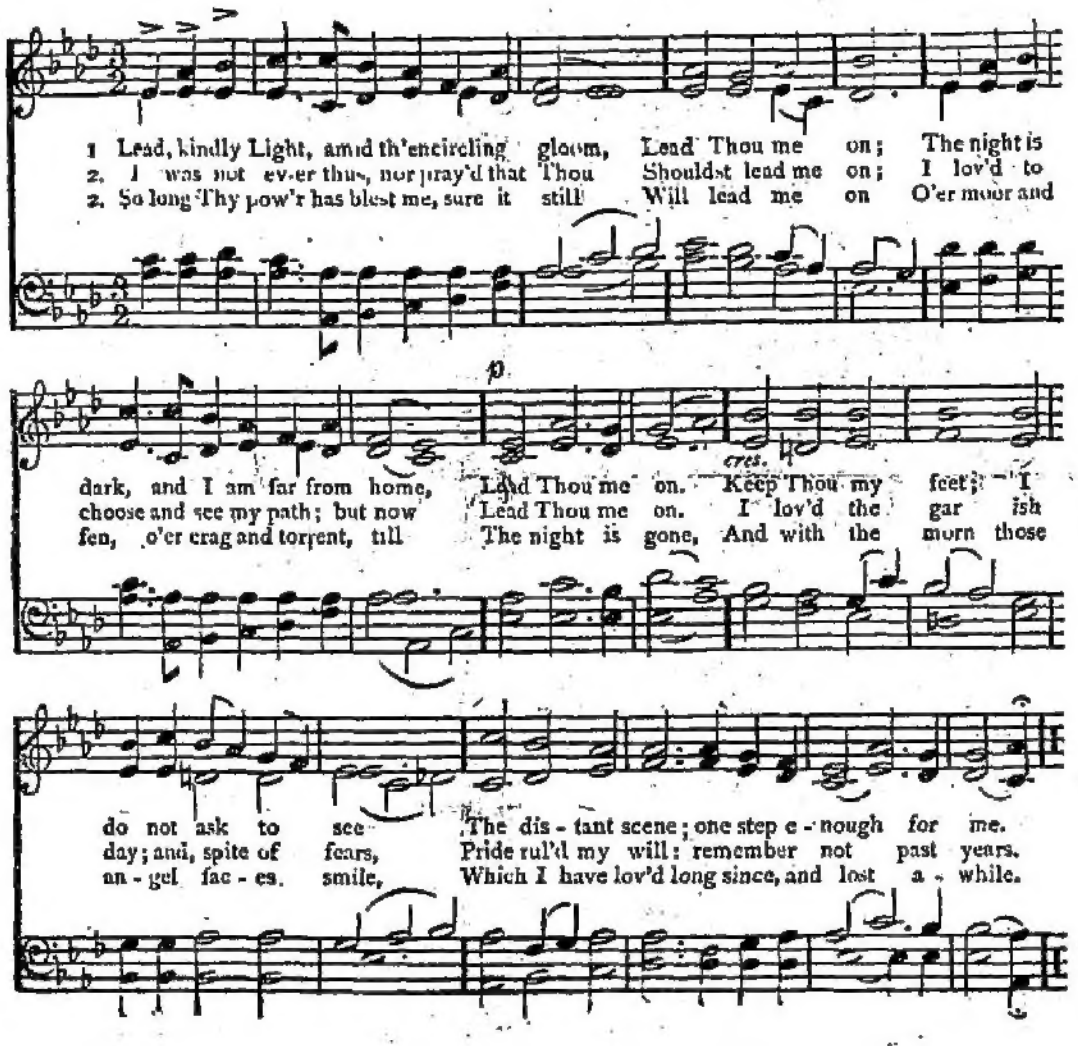
When we had read at our morning worship such passages as the 53rd of Isaiah, or the closing scenes of our Lord's life in the Gospels and many expressions in the Epistles, the suffering—sometimes the intense anguish in at the next door, of which we were often the witnesses, and which was almost never out of our thoughts, seemed to make very real to us our Lord's sacrifice and sufferings for us. We were also much moved by the beautiful patience of our neighbor, and by his joy in what he had done. He seemed to feel, with all his lowliness, a sense of having somehow gained an ownership in us, and in a quiet way he rejoiced over us as if we were the trophies of a great victory. We were, indeed, as "brands plucked from the burning," and this often led us to turn to the Lord Jesus, with much yearning and tenderness of soul. And there would sometimes appear to us, with the vividness of a new revelation, the words: "Ye are not your own, ye are bought with a price." And so at the close of our review, there came out, in a formal covenant, the purpose which had thus been quietly growing in all our hearts, that we would never, any more, live unto ourselves; that we would keep right on doing for our Lord, just what we had been doing for this man. It seemed easy and natural, and the most reasonable thing in the world, that for the next year, and for all the years, we would make Christ's business our business; that we would take to our hearts the things that were nearest to his heart; that henceforth his Church, his poor, his little ones, and the salvation of the world, for which his soul is still in travail, should be the chief care of our lives.

Our daughters have wrought and hung on the walls of our rooms a motto. It is only a faint reflection of that which is deeply and, we believe, permanently graven on our hearts:

FOR HIS SAKE.

And so I have answered your question, How did you come into these new notions of giving?

Lead, Kindly Light.

DYKES NEWMAN.

1 Lead, kindly Light, amid th'encircling gloom, Lead Thou me on; The night is
2. I was not ev-er thus, nor pray'd that Thou Shouldst lead me on; I lov'd to
2. So long Thy pow'r has blest me, sure it still Will lead me on O'er moor and
dark, and I am far from home, Lead Thou me on. Keep Thou my feet; I
choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on. I lov'd the gar ish
fen, o'er crag and torrent, till The night is gone, And with the morn those
do not ask to see The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me.
day; and, spite of fears, Pride rul'd my will: remember not past years.
an - gel fac - es, smile, Which I have lov'd long since, and lost a - while.

MISSIONARY MITE BOXES.

A great deal of money that children get is foolishly and selfishly spent. One device to remedy this waste is "the missionary mite box," which may be any small pasteboard or wooden box, with a slit in the lid large enough to let in a cent, and the lid fastened on by pasting a strip of paper around. With a little taste and skill a very plain box can be made quite ornamental. "For the Lord," or some other suitable inscription should catch the eye as soon as it lights on the box. And children should learn the delight that is possible through self-sacrifice for others as well as through self-indulgence. They will soon prefer to put some of their cents in the "mite box." The mite boxes of the Church Missionary Society in England yielded last year $100,000, most of which came from poor children, and was got, not by begging from others, but by saving and self-denial.

WHEN CHRIST abides in a human heart, He is in it as an immortal hope.—*Pres. Culross.*

"REMEMBER YOUR TEXT."

BY NELLIE HELLIS,

Author of "Gipsy Jan," "Roving Robin," "A Holiday and its History," etc., etc.

"Blessed are the peacemakers; for they shall be called the children of God."

That was Millie Raymond's text, and in reply to his mother's questioning look, Edgar repeated the words—

"He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city."

Every morning before they left home the children said the texts that, on five days in the week, were again repeated after prayers at their respective schools. They were allowed to make their own choice, and Mrs. Raymond generally talked to them a little about the lesson that was certainly the shortest and easiest they had to learn. But on this particular morning they had been later at breakfast than usual, and she had only time to bid them carry the words in their hearts as well as in their memories.

"Who knows, dears," she said, "whether your texts may not stand you in good stead before the day is over?" And then she stood at the door, and watched them as they went down the garden path, and passed through the gate into the high road.

Mr. Raymond lived a mile and a half from Sidbury, where his two children went to school. On wet days they were driven into the town, but on fine mornings it was no more than a pleasant walk. Then they generally had Charlie West's company. He lived very near the Raymonds, and as Millie and Edgar approached the house he was almost always to be seen waiting for them in the road, with his books under his arm.

Though he was a little older than Edgar, and much quicker and cleverer, the two boys were in the same class. The fact was, Edgar, though slow, was very patient and plodding, and did not mind how much trouble he took so that at last he had mastered his lessons, whereas Charlie would do little more than glance at his books, trusting that when school-time came his good memory and ready comprehension would help him through to the satisfaction of his master.

That bright summer's day passed as many others had done. The children dined at school, and at half-past four Edgar and Charlie found Millie waiting for them as usual at the end of the street. Very soon they left the town behind them, and then Millie lingered a little to gather some forget-me-nots and other flowers to take home to her mother. Thus it was that she did not hear the beginning of a talk that grew more and more angry as it proceeded.

"Well," said Charlie, breaking a silence, and with a sulky look on the face that could be so bright and attractive, "I never knew you to be good at dates before, and it isn't easy to remember just how all the battles in the Wars of the Roses come, or Jim Bryant wouldn't have got out in it. Then who would have thought we should have that question? Why, it hasn't anything to do with the period we are learning."

"That's just why I'm so glad I happened to look over those particular dates last night," said Edgar. "'Twas strange I should have done it, for I'd no idea they would be wanted to-day."

"Very strange, I must say, that you should fix upon the very thing that was asked for."

There was something in Charlie's voice that made the blood rush into Edgar's face.

"You don't believe I'm telling the truth?" he asked, quickly and hotly.

"Oh! come now, there's no need to get into a rage," said Charlie, with most provoking coolness.

"But you don't believe me; I can see that."

"Well, it seems odd that you, who never can remember a date, should say off a whole string just as if you were reading them out of a book," rejoined Charlie, with the same peculiar emphasis with which he had spoken before.

"Reading them out of a book!" exclaimed Edgar. "Do you mean that I was reading them out of a book?"

For a moment Charlie paused, but he was still smarting with wounded vanity that the boy whom he thought "slow and stupid" should have gained a higher number of marks than himself, and consequently taken a place above him, and he would not listen to the still, small voice within which told him that what he was about to say was a slander on the truthful, straightforward character Edgar Raymond bore.

"One can't help wondering," he said, "how Jim Bryant came to pick up a scrap of paper that wasn't so small that it wouldn't hold all the names and dates of the battles between the Yorkists and Lancastrians."

"Why," said Edgar, with eyes that flashed with passion, "it came out of my desk when I was putting it tidy in play-time. I wrote it at the beginning of last term, and it must have lain there ever since. Do you mean to say you don't believe what I'm telling you now?"

"I don't say anything," replied Charlie, "except that it's the oddest affair I've heard of for many a day."

"Then we'll fight it out," said Edgar, as he flung down his satchel and tore off his coat. "That is," he added, "if you're not too much of a coward."

Charlie had turned suddenly pale; but it was not from fear, and at the word "coward" he, too, flung down his hat and books. Then, standing opposite Edgar, he put himself in a position to strike, but before either had given a blow, a cry was heard, and with a bound Millie threw herself between them.

"Oh, what are you doing?" she exclaimed. "I called out, but you were talking so loudly that you didn't hear me. You can't be going to fight. Oh, Edgar, Edgar, remember your text."

"OH, EDGAR, EDGAR, REMEMBER YOUR TEXT."

It flashed across his memory as Milly spoke, and he stood as if turned to stone. Then, as his hands slowly dropped, the angry light faded from his eyes, and tears took its place. Had he not been so blinded, he would have seen how ashamed Charlie looked at Millie's half-pleading, half-reproachful voice. But now it was wholly pleading as she said—

"I am sure you aren't really angry with each other. It's just some misunderstanding, and if you had only explained, you wouldn't have quarrelled over it."

"You're right, Millie," said Edgar. "Charlie, I'm very sorry."

But Charlie had also had time to think, and he, too, saw his error.

"No, no," he said, "it was all my fault. I did believe you, but I was angry and ill-tempered, because I had lost my place in class. Edgar, can you forgive me?"

For answer Edgar put out his hand and took Charlie's, and there was that in the clasp of each which spoke well for the future friendship of the boys.

"Oh, Millie," said Edgar, when the brother and sister were alone, "I am so glad you reminded me of my text before it was too late. But I shall never be so good as you are. I shall never remember without being told."

"Neither do I, generally," she replied; "but when I saw you throw down your books, I was afraid you were going to fight, though I could scarcely believe it. And then my text darted into my mind, and I prayed I might be in time to stop you. Edgar, let us both try harder for the future to remember our texts, and act upon them."

"We will, dear Millie," he said; and it was a resolve that was kept as well as made.

—*Children's Friend.*

EXCUSES.

No sooner does any one begin to preach the Gospel than men and women begin "to make excuse." It is the old story. There is not an unsaved person but has got some excuse. If I were to ask you why do you not accept God's invitation to the Gospel feast, you would have an excuse ready on the end of your tongue; and if you had not one ready, the devil would be there to help you make one. And if they could be answered he is ready to make new ones. He has had six thousand years' experience, and he is very good at it; he can give you as many as you want.

Do you know the origin of excuses? You will find it away back in Eden. When Adam had sinned, he tried to excuse himself. "The woman whom Thou gavest to be with me, she gave me of the tree, and I did eat." He tried to lay the blame on God, Eve tried to lay it on the serpent, and down to the present time, men and women, with one consent, begin to make excuse.

Remember that these men Luke tells us about were not invited to a funeral, or to hear some dry, stupid lecture or sermon; they were not invited to visit a hospital or a prison, or a madhouse; to witness some terrible scene or execution—something that would have pained them. It was to go to a feast. The Gospel is represented in the Bible as a feast. In the evening of this dispensation there is going to be the marriage supper of God's Son Blessed is he that shall be at the marriage supper of the Lamb. If I know my own heart, I would rather be torn limb from limb, or have my heart taken from my body this moment, and be present on that glorious day, than have the wealth of the world rolled at my feet, and miss that wonderful banquet at the marriage of the Lamb.

Let us take up these three men who, "with one consent, began to make excuse."

What did the first one say? "I have bought a piece of ground, and I must needs go and see it." Some one has said, Why did he not look at the ground before he bought it? If he had been a good business man, he would have seen his ground first; he could not make the bargain any better by looking at it now. And now that he has got it, he can go and look at it at any time; the land will not run away! It was not that he had made a partial bargain and might withdraw, or that someone might step in ahead of him and get the ground from him. He did not even have that excuse. He had bought the land; there was no fear that he would lose his title to it. Yet he must needs go and see it. Strange time to go and see ground—just at supper-time! On the face of it, it was a downright lie. He did not want to go to the feast, and so he manufactured this excuse to ease his conscience That is what people make excuses for. The devil gets men into that cradle and rocks them to sleep in it. What did the second man say? "I have bought five yoke of oxen, and I go to prove them. I pray thee have me excused." Why not prove them before he bought them? It was no time to prove oxen after they were bought. And now that the bargain was closed he could prove them at any time. Why not let them stand in the stall till he had accepted the invitation? Do you not see that was another lie?

The third man's excuse was the most ridiculous of them all. "I have married a wife, and therefore I cannot come." Why did he not take his wife along with him? Who likes to go to a feast better than a young bride? He might have asked her to go too; and if she were not willing, then let her stay at home. The fact was, he did not want to go.

Eighteen hundred years have rolled away, and they tell us the world has grown wiser; they say it has improved wonderfully during these years, but tell me, have men got any better excuses? Young lady, can you give a better excuse? Have you got an excuse that will stand the light of eternity, have you got an excuse that will even satisfy yourself? Men try every kind of excuse, but the man does not live who can give a good one. Let some terrible disease lay hold of a man, let death come and look him in the face, and his excuses are gone in a moment. My friends, your excuses will look altogether different when you come to stand before the great tribunal of your Judge.—*D. L. Moody.*

GROWING PLANTS FOR MISSIONS.

The leader of a Mission Band in Oregon City says:—

Our Mission Band is doing very nicely. We try to have a Missionary Concert every three months on Sunday evening, at which we take a collection. The attendance is always large. It has been our custom for two years to have a missionary plant sale, and we contemplate having another this fall. Our plan is to ask all the children and grown folks too to start plants, we usually do this in April or May, so as to have them growing nicely by September or October, and at the time of the sale they are all brought in, prices marked upon them, and placed upon tables ready for buyers. The sale takes place in the evening after a missionary concert. As our church has a basement, we have the concert in the audience-room and the plants below. The admission fee which is ten cents includes both. Last year we cleared $50 and there was very little work and no expense. We try to have something very attractive in our programme which will draw those who are not interested in mission work. Last year we had a dialogue by several little girls dressed in costume, representing the different nations.

"FIFTY-SIX WANTS OF THE CHILDREN OF GOD; ALL FURNISHED FROM THE FOUNTAIN HEAD."

"I want to feed on Jesus' Word,
I want communion with my Lord.
I want salvation full and free,
I want my Father's face to see,
I want to prove each promise sweet,
I want to live at Jesus' feet.
I want His mercy every day,
I want upholding all the way.
I want to live as Jesus' bride,
I want His blessed wounds to hide.
I want to prize His fulness more,
I want His person to adore.
I want to hear his lovely voice,
I want in Jesus to rejoice.
I want to joy in Him by faith,
I want to credit all He saith.
I want on His dear name to call,
I want to trust Him with my all.
I want to die to all things here,
I want on Him to cast my care.
I want to see His Gospel spread,
I want on Satan's power to tread.
I want to see the proud made sad,
I want to see poor sinners glad.
I want to see the hungry fed,
I want by Jesus to be led.
I want Him as my guide and friend,
I want Him to my journey's end.
I want Him as my priest and king,
I want His precious love to sing.
I want Him as my rock and tower,
I want Him in each trying hour.
I want Him as my brother dear,
I want my Jesus ever near.
I want His eyes, His hands, His heart,
I want with all besides to part.
I want Him as my husband kind,
I want in Him my all to find.
I want Him as my daily bread,
I want Him as my living head.
I want Him as my hiding place,
I want Him as my God of grace.
I want Him as my life of peace,
I want Him as my righteousness.
I want His dear atoning blood,
I want to bathe in that dear flood.
I want His spirit's voice to hear,
I want the love that casts out fear.
I want Him in this tearful vale,
I want Him when all hell assail.
I want Him when all flesh gives way,
I want Him as my only stay,
I want His smiles and looks of grace,
I want to see Him face to face.
I want His wisdom, strength and love,
I wish to dwell with Him above." AMEN!

—*Episcopal Recorder.*

THAT FAVORITE REMEDY.

The people laughed at Dr. Wilcox's "favorite remedy" in the prostration of typhoid fever; nothing else was in it than whiskey. An old-fashioned doctor they called him—a kindly, benevolent, whimsical old man, who received much reverence in the wide circle of his country practice. "He cured the majority of his patients," folks said, "and so they let him take his way." Now, one of his ways was ordering "old apple whiskey" for his patients exhausted by fever; but he had luck with his fever patients. He cured Tom Turner when every one said there was no hope. Yes, and Tom died a drunkard within two years. "And Raphe More!" True, and Raphe has been a tippler ever since; a lost man, they call him. "And little Bob Glenn?" Poor Bobbie! he was brought back from the gates of death, indeed. They began on half a gill of whiskey "that had stood in the cellar twenty years, the real stuff of his grandfather's make," and they went on, until Bobbie used a pint a day. He got over the fever. "Most a pity," said the neighbors, for the disease hurt his brain somehow, and Bobbie has been only half-witted ever since. The doctor had firm faith in his remedy, until Bella Clark gave him the light on it that no one else ventured to give.

Bella and Joe were orphan twins, and Doctor Wilcox doted on them from the day they came to live next door to him with their uncle. Joe fell ill with typhoid fever, and at the stage of prostration—"Give him a tablespoonful of whiskey and a teaspoonful of cream," began the doctor. Said Bella "I'll give him the cream, but not the whiskey. Suppose he gets well to be a drunkard?" "And suppose he don't get well to be a drunkard?" said the doctor, testily. "Will it not be better for him to die a good boy that every one loves than to be a drunkard? Had I not rather sit by his grave than to wait at tavern doors to lead him home?" sobbed Bella. "Well," said the doctor," winking at her aunt, "you need not give him any whiskey." "And nobody shall," cried Bella. "I will watch him night and day. No one shall make him break his promise to our dying mother. Joe is more to me than to any one, and now he does not know what he is doing I shall see to him." "No, doctor, I cannot give him whiskey, it is true," said her aunt. "I remember about the mother's dying words and I dare not force whiskey on Joe against Bella's will."

She left the room and Bella turned to the doctor. "Dear, kind doctor," she said, "what would life be to us if Joe loved drink? You remember my Uncle Tim and —and—and—my—fa—" Here she burst into sobs. "I cannot have Joe saved at such a price; he would not wish it himself. Do, Doctor, agree to try cream, and beef-tea and good nursing—anything but whiskey. I'll watch him every minute; and I know we can save him without whiskey." And, unconscious of the shock and blow to the old doctor, Bella called up the cases of Tom Turner, and Raphe and Robin, and her Uncle Tim, and a score of others, only to plead her brother's cause, but opening before the old man's eyes a fearful gulf into which his kindly hands had pushed many a poor soul by his "favorite remedy." He rose while she was speaking, and hurried away. Next day he was back. "Oh, doctor," cried Bella, running to meet him, "Joe is improving—on beef tea. I made it myself." The old man took her hand and drew her to him. "Child," he said, "I have a few years left to repair a life-long error. Those were hard lines you read to me yesterday: but hereafter no man shall date his ruin from my prescription. I have done with what they call my 'remedy'."—*Selected.*

Question Corner.—No. 4.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

ENIGMA.

By what brook was the prophet fed,
By birds, which brought him flesh and bread?
What king brought gems and stores of gold
To build God's holy house of old?
In what cave did David abide,
Where from King Saul he sought to hide?
Who with the deepest grief was filled,
When Herod's men her children killed?
Which of God's ancient prophets said
Christ was a Lamb to slaughter led?
Who from his youth the Scriptures knew
For profit and instruction true?
What did our Saviour bid us take
Of his and bear for His dear sake?

Search these names and you will trace
In their first letters needed grace;
Make it your own and bear in mind
A sweeter charm you ne'er will find.

1. After crossing Jordan what was the first city taken by the Israelites?
2. What city was the birthplace of David?
3. In what city was Solomon's Temple?
4. What were the names of the cities of Refuge?
5. What Philistine city, noted as the seat of the worship of Dagon, was not subdued by the Israelites?
6. The gates of what city did Samson carry away.
7. In what city did Samson slay thirty men?

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS NO. 3.

"EXERCISE ON BIBLE ANIMALS."—
1. Lion (Proverbs xxviii. 1).
2. Wolf. Lamb (Isaiah lxv. 25).
3. Lion. Bullock (Isaiah lxv. 25).
4. Colt (Mark xi. 7).
5. Ewe lamb (2 Samuel xii. 3).
6. Rams (1 Samuel xv. 22).

"MISSING SCRIPTURE WORD."—

Right.	Psalm xix. 8.
Ease.	Amos vi. 1.
Death.	Romans. viii. 6.
Enter.	Judges xiv. 14.
Maintainest.	Psalm xvi. 5.
Physician.	Matthew ix. 12.
Thy.	Luke ii. 30.
Israel.	Psalm cxxx. 8.
Our.	Psalm xviii. 31.
Nethaniah.	I Chronicles xxv. 12.

REDEMPTION—Romans iii. 24.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.—
1. Damascus, Gen. 15: 2.
2. Zoar, Gen. 19: 22, 23, 30.
3. Shechem, Josh. 24: 32.

APOLOGY.

Owing to the non-arrival of some paper, which was snow-bound in transit for three weeks, a considerable delay occurred in the issuing of the *Northern Messenger*, for which we beg the kind indulgence of our friends.

MONTREAL DAILY WITNESS, $3.00 a year, post-paid. MONTREAL WEEKLY WITNESS, $1.00 a year, post-paid. WEEKLY MESSENGER, 50 cents; 5 copies to one address, $2.00. JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers, Montreal, Que.

OUR PREMIUM BOOKS

Our clerks are busy with the lists sent in by canvassors for subscriptions to this paper, and the FIRST BATCH of BOOKS will be despatched from this office in a few days to the various persons who will be found to be entitled to them.

We repeat the list of the books, and the conditions on which they are obtainable:—

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"The Pillar of Fire; or Israel in Bondage" (Ingraham),
"The Prince of the House of David" (Ingraham),
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Foxe's "Book of Martyrs," colored illustrations

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APPRECIATED!

"I received the Poems you sent all right, and think them very nice," writes a Fitch Bay worker for the *Northern Messenger*; "please accept my thanks and appreciation of your kindness. We like the paper much, and I will do all I can to get subscribers." This is just a specimen of the letters we are receiving from those who themselves prize the *Messenger* and are endeavoring to further its circulation among their friends and neighbors.

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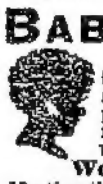

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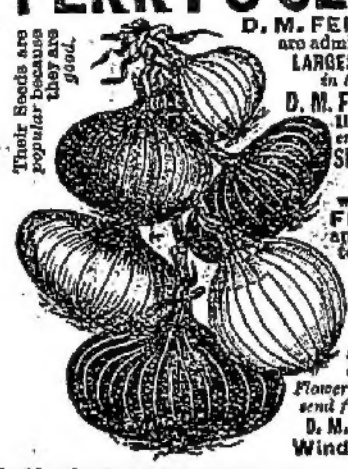

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